

A
P O E M,
ON THE
HAPPINESS OF AMERICA;
ADDRESSED TO THE
C I T I Z E N S
OF THE
U N I T E D S T A T E S.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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DAVID H. RAY

THE
A R G U M E N T.

THE characters to whom the Poem is addressed, and the subject of it—peace—dissolution of the army—General Washington's farewell, advice and retirement—apostrophe to him—the happiness of the Americans considered as a free and agricultural people—articles which contribute to their felicity during the different seasons—winter's amusements, which produce a digression concerning the late war and the author—the pleasures which succeeded the horrors of war—invocation to connubial love—description of the female sex and character, marriage and domestic life in America—the present state of society there—the face of the country at and since the period of its discovery—the pleasant prospects exhibited by the progress of agriculture and population---eulogy of agriculture---address to Congress---the Genius of the western world invoked to accelerate our improvements---a treaty of commerce proposed with Great Britain---superior advantages for a marine---America called upon to employ her sons, on discoveries, in the carrying trade, fishing and whaling---commerce---interrupted by the Algerines---sensation produced by it on the Americans---invocation for powers of expression to excite them to revenge---a view of the miseries of the prisoners---which
terminates

terminates in an anathema on the perpetrators of such cruelties---friends of the captives and ruined merchants how affected---exhortation to arms unless an equitable peace can be obtained---apostrophe to the tributary powers---resolution to be taken by us---our resources hinted from a glance at the late war---Great Britain and Algiers contrasted---prayer to the Supreme Being---an army raised---preparations for war---a navy formed---naval combat with the corsairs---their defeat---their woe---the utter destruction of their country---return and rejoicings of the victors---a prospect.

AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
CITIZENS
OF THE
UNITED STATES, &c.

OH happy people, ye to whom is given
A land enrich'd with sweetest dews of Heaven!
Ye, who possess Columbia's virgin prime,
In harvests blest of ev'ry soil and clime!
Ye happy mortals, whom propitious fate
Reserv'd for actors on a stage so great!
Sons worthy fires of venerable name;
Heirs of their virtue and immortal fame;
Heirs of their rights, still better understood,
Declar'd in thunder, and confirm'd in blood!

B

For

For ye, your present happiness I sing,
 With all the joys the cherub peace can bring;
 When your tall fleets shall lift their starry pride,
 And sail triumphant o'er the bill'wy tide.

The song begins where all our blifs began——
 What time th' Almighty check'd the wrath of man,
 Distill'd in bleeding wounds the balm of peace,
 And bade the rage of mortal discord cease.
 Then foes grown friends from toils of slaughter breath'd,
 Then war-worn troops their blood-stain'd weapons sheath'd,
 Then our great Chief to Vernon's shades withdrew,
 And thus to public life pronounc'd adieu.——

“ Farewell to public life, to public care,
 Now I with peace to happier scenes repair.
 And, oh, my country, may'st thou ne'er forget
 Thy bands victorious, and thy honest debt!
 If aught, which proves thy rights to me are dear,
 Gives me a claim to speak—thy sons to hear—
 On them I call—Compatriots dear and brave,
 These warning truths deep in your bosoms grave,
 To guard your sacred Rights—be just! be wise!
 There all your blifs; there all your glory lies.
 Beware the feuds whence civil war proceeds;
 Fly mean suspicions; fly inglorious deeds;

Stium

Shun fell corruption's pestilential breath,
 To states the cause and harbinger of death;
 Fly dissipation, in whose vortex whirl'd,
 Sink the proud nations of the elder world;
 Avoid the hidden snares that pleasure spreads,
 To seize and chain you in her golden threads;
 Refuse to hear her fascinating notes,
 While lux'ry pours her poison down your throats;
 Let not the lust of gold, or pow'r inthral;
 Nor list to wild ambition's frantic call;
 Stop, stop your ears to discord's curst alarms,
 Which rousing, drive a mad'ning world to arms;
 Discord, that startling with a fury's yell,
 Calls up the plagues of war let loose from hell;
 But learn from others' woes sweet peace to prize,
 How rich you are, and where your treasure lies;
 Within the compass of your little farms,
 Lodg'd in your breasts, or folded in your arms,
 Blest in your clime, beyond all nations blest,
 By ocean's billows guarded from the rest.

Nor yet neglect the native force which grows
 Your shield from insult, and your wall from foes;
 But train full soon your youths by mimic fights,
 To stand the guardians of their country's rights.

By

By honour rul'd, with honesty your guide,
 Be that your bulwark, and be this your pride—
 Increase the fed'ral ties, support the laws,
 Keep public faith, revere religion's cause.
 Thus grow to greatness—by experience find,
 Who live the best, are greatest of mankind.

And ye, my faithful friends, (for thus I name
 My fellow lab'ers in the field of fame)
 Ye, who have stood of adverse fate the shock,
 Your nerves of steel, your breasts a diamond rock;
 Ye, who for freedom nobly shed your blood,
 Dyed ev'ry plain and purpled ev'ry flood,
 Where havoc heap'd of arms and men the wreck,
 From Georgia's stream to walls of proud Quebec.
 To these stern toils the peaceful scene succeeds—
 The eyes of nations watch your future deeds.
 Go act as citizens in life's retreat,
 Your parts as well, and make your fame compleat;
 'Tis ours, forever, from this hour to part,
 Receive th' effusions of a grateful heart!
 Where'er ye go may milder fates pursue;
 Receive my warmest thanks; my last adieu."

The hero spoke—an awful pause ensued;
 Each eye was red, each face with tears bedew'd:

As

As if the pulse of life suspended stood,
 An unknown horror chill'd the curdling blood:
 Their arms were lock'd—their cheeks irriguous met,
 By thy soft trickling dews, affection! wet—
 Words past all utterance mock'd the idle tongue,
 While petrified in final gaze they clung.

Those drops the warriors wip'd, then sought their farms,
 With laurels crown'd—receiv'd with open arms—
 Now citizens, they form no sep'rate class,
 But mix, dissolving in the gen'ral mass;
 Congenial metals thus by chymic flame,
 Dissolve, assimilate, and grow the same.

Swords turn'd to shares, war chang'd to rural toil,
 The men who sav'd now cultivate the soil.
 In no heroic age since time began,
 Appear'd so great the majesty of man.

His task compleat; before the fires august
 The hero stood, and render'd up his trust.
 But who shall dare describe that act supreme,
 And raise his song high as the heav'nly theme?
 Who sing, tho' aided with immortal pow'rs,
 The towns in raptures, and the roads in flow'rs
 Where'er he pass'd? what monarch ever knew
 Such acclamations, bursts of joy so true?

What scenes I saw ! how oft surpris'd I felt
 Thro' streaming eyes, my heart dilated melt !
 These were blest scenes, which angels might behold,
 Yet these blest scenes must still remain untold ;
 Scenes which no words, no colours can display,
 No scultur'd marble, and no living lay :
 Yet shall these scenes be in my mem'ry still,
 Nor less the festal hours of Vernon's hill ;
 Nor that when last of all 'twas mine to part,
 As the last heart-string severs from the heart.

" Adieu," I cried, " to Vernon's shades, adieu ;
 The vessel waits—I see the beck'ning crew—
 Now me to other climes new duties guide,
 O'er the vast desert of th' Atlantic tide.
 But here great citizen ! may'st thou ne'er cease
 To prove how glorious are the works of peace :
 Here while thou hear'st life's distant thunders roll,
 Unmov'd thy calm serenity of soul,
 'Tis * thine to lure rich commerce up the bay,
 Make freighted barks beyond the mountains stray,

* General Washington is actually occupied in opening the falls of Potowmack and James Rivers, with the noble object of extending the navigation through the interior parts of America. Posterity will judge whether this is not one of the great works of peace worthy the consistency and dignity of his character.

Make inland seas thro' open'd channels glide,
 Monongahela wed Potowmack's tide,
 New states exulting, see the flitting sails,
 Waft joy and plenty round the peopled vales."

All empires rose e'er now, the work of guilt,
 On conquest, blood, or usurpation built,
 But we, taught wisdom by their woes and crimes,
 Fraught with their lore and born to better times:
 Our constitutions form'd on freedom's base,
 Which all the blessings of all lands embrace,
 Embrace humanity's extended cause—
 A world our empire, for a world our laws.

Thrice happy race! how blest were freedom's heirs,
 If they but knew what happiness is theirs,
 If they but knew, to them alone 'tis given
 To know none higher but the *law* and *Heaven*!
 That *law* for them, and Albion's realms alone,
 On sacred justice elevates her throne,
 Regards the poor, the fatherless protects,
 Defends the widow, and th' oppressor checks!
 If they but knew, beneath umbrageous trees,
 To prize the joys of innocence, and ease,
 Of peace, of health, of temp'rance, toil, and rest,
 And the calm sun-shine of the conscious breast.

For

For them the spring his annual task resumes,
 Invests in verdure, and adorns in blooms
 Earth's parent lap—and all her wanton bow'rs
 In foliage fair with aromatic flow'rs.
 How nature's youth exhilarates the view,
 The air how mild, the sky, what sapphire blue !
 Their fanning wings the zephyrs gently play,
 And winnow blossoms from each floating spray :
 In bursting buds the embryo fruits appear,
 The hope and glory of the rip'ning year !
 The mead that courts the scythe, the pastur'd vale,
 And garden'd lawn their breathing sweets exhale ;
 On balmy winds a cloud of fragrance moves,
 And floats the odours of a thousand groves.
 For them, young summer sheds a brighter day,
 Matures the germe with his prolific ray,
 With prospects cheers, demands more stubborn toil,
 And pays their efforts from the grateful soil :
 The lofty maize its ears luxuriant yields—
 The yellow harvests gild the laughing fields,
 Stretch far o'er all th' interminable plain,
 And wave in grandeur like the boundless main ;
 For them the flock o'er green savannas feeds,
 For them high-prancing bound the snorting steeds,

For

For them the heifers graze sequester'd dales,
 Or pour white nectar in the brimming pails ;
 For them the droves, and ev'ry kind of corn,
 The checker'd landscapes brighten and adorn :
 To them, what time the hoary frosts draw near,
 Ripe autumn brings the labours of the year ;
 The mellow fruit, the sparkling joyous juice,
 With all the gifts which culture can produce.
 To those, who learn philosophy from Heaven,
 How fair the prospect of autumnal even,
 As homeward from their fields they take their way,
 And turn to catch the sun's departing ray !
 What streaming splendours up the skies are roll'd,
 Whose colours beggar Tyrean dyes and gold !
 'Till night's dun curtains wide o'er all display'd,
 Shroud shad'wy shapes in melancholy shade.

Then doubling clouds the wintry skies deform,
 And wrapt in vapours comes the roaring storm,
 With snows surcharg'd from tops of mountains sails,
 Loads leafless trees and fills the whiten'd vales :
 Then desolation strips the faded plains,
 Then tyrant death o'er vegetation reigns,
 The birds of Heav'n to other climes are fled,
 And one deep gloom o'er all the scene is spread :

D

Nor

Nor then unjoyous winter's rigours come,
 But find them happy and content with home;
 Their gran'ries fill'd—the task of culture past—
 Warm at their fire they hear the howling blast,
 With patt'ring rain and snow, or driving sleet,
 Rave idly loud, and at their window beat;
 Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,
 In vain the tempest rattles at the door—
 The tame brutes shelter'd, and the feather'd brood,
 From them more provident demand their food:
 'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
 The ox labourious, and the noble steed;
 'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
 To strow with litter, and to fence from cold:
 The cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within—
 At setting day the blissful hours begin:
 'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,
 The farmer feels his independent lot,
 Hears with the crackling blaze, that lights the wall,
 The voice of gladness and of nature call,
 Beholds his children play, their mother smile,
 And tastes with them the fruit of summer's toil.

From stormy Heav'ns, the mantling clouds unroll'd,
 The sky is bright, the air serenely cold,

The

The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows,
 For months entire o'er frozen regions blows ;
 Man braves his blast, his gelid breath inhales,
 And feels more vig'rous as the frost prevails :
 Roads fill'd with snows, first difficult to pass,
 By steps repeated harden into glafs.

'Tis then full oft, in arts of love untried,
 The am'rous stripling courts his future bride ;
 And oft beneath the broad moon's paler day,
 The village pairs ascend the rapid sleigh,
 With jocund sounds impel th' enliven'd steed—
 Oh ye who know their joys, the lulling speed,
 At ev'ry bridge the tributary kiss,
 Tell me, can aught exceed their rustic blifs !

But diff'rent ages diff'rent joys inspire,
 Where friendly circles croud the social fire ;
 For there the neighbours gath'ring round the hearth,
 Indulge in tales, news, politicks, and mirth ;
 Nor need we fear th' exhausted fund should fail,
 While garrulous old-age prolongs the tale.
 There some old warrior, grown a village sage,
 Whose locks are whiten'd with the frosts of age,
 While life's low burning lamp renews its light,
 With tales heroic shall beguile the night,

Shall

Shall tell of battles fought, of feats achiev'd,
 And sufferings ne'er by human heart conceiv'd;
 Shall tell th' adventures of his early life,
 And bring to view the fields of mortal strife;
 What time the matin trump to battle sings,
 And on his steed the horseman swiftly springs,
 While down the line the drum, with thund'ring sound,
 Wakes the bold soldier, slumb'ring on the ground,
 Alarm'd, he starts, then sudden joins his band,
 Who rang'd beneath the well-known banner stand:
 Then ensigns wave, and signal flags unfurl'd,
 Bid one great soul pervade a moving world;
 Then martial music's all-inspiring breath,
 With dulcet symphonies leads on to death,
 Lights in each breast the living beam of fame,
 Kindles the spark and fans the kindled flame;
 Then meets the stedfast eye the splendid charms
 Of prancing steeds, of plumed troops and arms
 Arms that reflect a radiant wavy light,
 And gleam and burn intolerably bright,
 Reflected sun-beams dazzling gild afar
 The pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war;]
 Then thick as hail-stones, from an angry sky,
 In volied show'rs the bolts of vengeance fly,

Unnumber'd

Unnumber'd unseen deaths ride on the air,
 While swift descending, with a frightful glare,
 The big bomb bursts—the fragments scatter'd round,
 Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground ;
 Then joins the closer fight on Hudson's banks,
 Troops strive with troops, ranks bending press on ranks,
 O'er slipp'ry plains the struggling legions reel,
 Then livid lead and Bayonne's glitt'ring steel,
 With dark-red holes their mangled bosoms bore,
 While wounded couriers snorting foam and gore,
 Bear wild their riders o'er the carnag'd plain,
 And falling, roll them headlong on the slain,
 To ranks consum'd, another rank succeeds,
 Fresh victims fall, afresh the battle bleeds ;
 And nought of blood can staunch the open'd sluice,
 'Till night with darkness brings a grateful truce.
 Thus will the vet'ran tell the tale of wars,
 Disclose his breast to count his glorious scars ;
 In mute amazement hold the list'ning swains,
 Make freezing horror creep thro' all their veins,
 Or oft at freedom's name their souls inspire
 With patriot ardor and heroic fire.

I too, perhaps, should Heav'n prolong my date,
 The oft repeated tale shall oft relate ;

E

Shall

Shall tell the feelings in the first alarms,
 Of some bold enterprize th' unequall'd charms;
 Shall tell from whom I learnt the martial art,
 With what high chiefs I play'd my early part;
 With Parsons first, whose eye with piercing ken,
 Reads thro' their hearts the characters of men;
 Then how I aided in the following scene,
 Death-daring Putnam—then immortal Greene—
 Then how great Washington my youth approv'd,
 In rank preferr'd, and as a parent lov'd,
 (For each fine feeling in his bosom blends,
 The first of heroes, sages, patriots, friends!)
 With him what hours on warlike plans I spent,
 Beneath the shadow of th' imperial tent;
 With him how oft I went the nightly round,
 Thro' moving hosts or slept on tented ground;
 From him how oft (nor far below the first
 In high behests and confidential trust)
 From him how oft I bore the dread commands,
 Which destin'd for the fight the eager bands;
 With him how oft I past th' eventful day,
 Rode by his side, as down the long array
 His awful voice the columns taught to form,
 To point the thunders and to pour the storm.

But

But thanks to Heaven! those days of blood are o'er,
 The trumpet's clangor, the loud cannon's roar:
 No more advance the long extended lines
 Front form'd to front—no more the battle joins
 With rushing shock—th' unsufferable sound
 Rends not the skies—nor blood distains the ground,—
 Nor spread thro' peaceful villages afar,
 The crimson flames of desolating war;
 No more this hand, since happier days succeed,
 Waves the bright blade or reins the fiery steed;
 No more for martial fame this bosom burns,
 Now white-rob'd peace to bless a world returns;
 Now fostering freedom all her bliss bestows,
 Unnumber'd blessings for unnumber'd woes.

Revolving seasons thus by turns invite
 To rural joys and conjugal delight—
 Oh thou sweet passion, whose blest charm connects
 In Heav'n's own ties, the strong and feebler sex!
 Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,
 Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!
 All nature feels thy pow'r—the vocal grove
 With air-born melody awakes to love,
 To love the boldest tenants of the sky,
 To love the little birds extatic fly,

To

To love submit the monsters of the main,
 And ev'ry beast that haunts the desert plain;
 But man alone the brightest flame inspires,
 A spark divine, caught from celestial fires.—
 Hail hallow'd wedlock, purest, happiest state,
 Let me untried thine extacies relate!
 Give me e'er long thy mysteries to prove,
 and taste as well as sing the sweets of love!

Ye blooming daughters of the western world,
 whose graceful locks by artless hands are curl'd,
 whose limbs of symmetry and snowy breast,
 the most admir'd in simple neatness drest;
 beneath the veil of modesty, who hide
 the boast of nature and of virgin pride—
 For beauty needs no meretricious art
 to find a passage to the opening heart)
 h make your charms ev'n in my song admir'd,
 My song immortal by your charms inspir'd.

'Tho' lavish nature sheds each various grace
 That forms the figure, or that decks the face;
 Tho' fair the breast, the waist, the stature tall,
 Each part proportion'd, not too large, or small;
 Tho' health, with innocence, and glee the while,
 Dance in their eye, and wanton in their smile;

Tho'

Tho' 'mid the lilly's white unfolds the rose,
 As on their cheek the bud of beauty blows,
 Spontaneous blossom of the transient flush,
 Which glows and reddens to a scarlet blush,
 What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
 First feels of love the palpitating starts,
 Feels from the heart life's quicken'd currents glide,
 Her bosom heaving with the bounding tide—
 'Tho' sweet their lips—their features more than fair—
 'Tho' curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
 Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
 While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms;
 Yet something still beyond th' exterior form,
 With goodness fraught with animation warm,
 Inspires their actions, dignifies their mein,
 Gilds ev'ry hour and beautifies each scene:
 'Tis those perfections of superior kind,
 The moral beauties which adorn the mind;
 'Tis those enchanting sounds mellifluous hung,
 In words of truth and kindness on their tongue,
 'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
 And calls the loveliness of beauty forth;
 'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
 Like vernal sun-beams round cerulean skies;

F

Bright

Bright emanations of the spotless soul,
Which warm and chear and vivify the whole!

Here the fair sex an equal honour claims,
Wakes chaste desire nor burns with lawless flames—
No eastern manners here consign the charms
Of beauteous slaves to some loath'd master's arms;
No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was sold
By parents base, for mercenary gold;
Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
To live dishonour'd or with hunger die.
Here uncontroul'd, and foll'wing nature's voice,
The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,
While mutual passions in their bosoms glow,
While soft confessions in their kisses flow,
While their right hands in plighted faith are given,
Their vows accordant reach approving Heaven.

Nor here the wedded fair in splendour vye,
To shine the idols of the public eye;
Nor place their happiness, like Europe's dames,
In balls and masquerades, in plays and games;
Each home-felt bliss exchange'd for foreign sports,
A round of pleasures or th' intrigues of courts;
Nor seek of government to guide the plan,
And wrest his bold prerogatives from man.

What

What tho' not form'd in affectation's school,
 Nor taught the coquet eye to roll by rule,
 Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the smile,
 Or practice all the little arts of guile;
 What tho' not taught the use of female arms,
 Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
 Like some fine garnish'd heads—th' exterior fair,
 In paints, cosmetics, powder, borrow'd hair—
 Yet theirs are pleasures of a different kind,
 Delights at home more useful, more refin'd :
 Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the smiles that please,
 With hospitable cares, and modest ease—
 'Tis theirs to act in still, sequester'd life,
 The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife ;
 'Tis theirs with dignity to fill those parts,
 And blend some knowledge of the finer arts.
 What nameless grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
 To sooth their partners, and divide their cares,
 Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath,
 And light a smile on the wan cheek of death !

No feudal systems rising genius mar,
 Compel to servile toils or drag to war ;
 But free each youth his fav'rite course pursues,
 The plow paternal or the sylvan Muse.

For

For here exists once more th' Arcadian scene,
 Those simple manners and that golden mean;
 Here holds society its middle stage,
 Between too rude and too refin'd an age;
 As far from that in which no ray of light
 Pierc'd gothic clouds dark with primeval night,
 From brutal rudeness of that savage state—
 As from refinements which o'erwhelm the great,
 Those dissipations which their bliss annoy,
 And blast and poison each domestic joy.

What tho' for us, the pageantry of kings,
 Crowns, thrones, and sceptres are superfluous things,
 What tho' we lack the gaudy pomp that waits
 On eastern monarchs or despotic states,
 Yet well we spare what realms despotic feel,
 Oppression's scourge and persecution's wheel.

What tho' no splendid spoils of other times,
 Invite the curious to these western climes;
 No virtuoso with fantastic aim,
 Here hunts the shadow of departed fame;
 What tho' no mystic obelisk or wall,
 Or piles of rubbish his attention call;
 No ruin'd statues claim the long research,
 No sliding columns and no crumbling arch,

Inscriptions

Inscriptions half effac'd and falsely read,
 Or cumbrous relicks of th' unletter'd dead.
 Yet here I rove untrodden scenes among,
 Catch inspiration for my rising song ;
 See nature's grandeur awfully unfold,
 And, rapt in thought, her works sublime behold ;
 For here vast wilds which human foot ne'er trod,
 Are mark'd with footsteps of a present God ;
 His forming hand on nature's broadest scale,
 O'er mountains mountains pil'd and scoop'd the vale ;
 Made sea-like streams in deeper channels run,
 And roll'd thro' brighter Heav'ns his genial sun.
 In vain of day, that rolling lucid eye,
 Look'd down in mildness from the smiling sky ;
 In vain the germe of vegetation lay,
 And pin'd in shades secluded from the day ;
 In vain this theatre for man so fair,
 Spread all its charms for beasts or birds of air ;
 Or savage tribes, who wand'ring thro' the wood,
 From beasts and birds obtain'd precarious food :
 'Till great Columbus rose and led by Heaven,
 Call'd worlds to view hid in the skirt of even.

Rise, daring muse, with bolder flight explore,
 The heav'nly wonders for these climes in store,

Sing nature lab'ring with her latest birth,
And a new empire rising on the earth !

Now other scenes in these blest climes prevail,
The sounds of population fill the gale.
The dreary wastes by mighty toils reclaim'd,
Deep marshes drain'd, wild woods and thickets tam'd :
Now fair Columbia, child of Heav'n, is seen
In flow'r of youth and robes of lovely green,
Than virgin fairer on her bridal morn,
Whom all the graces, all the loves adorn.

Here planters find a ceaseless source of charms,
In clearing fields and adding farms to farms—
'Tis independence prompts their daily toil,
And calls forth beauties from the desert soil :
What untried pleasure fills each raptur'd sense,
When sturdy toil thro' darken'd wilds immense,
First pours the day-beams on the opening glade,
And glebes embrown'd with everlasting shade !
Here equal fortunes, ease, the ground their own,
Augment their numbers with increase unknown—
Here hamlets grow—here Europe's pilgrims come
From vassal'd woes to find a quiet home—
The eye no view of waning cities meets,
Of mould'ring domes, of narrow, fetid streets ;

Of

Of grey-hair'd wretches who ne'er own'd a shed,
 And beggars dying for the want of bread :
 But oft in transport round th' horizon roves,
 O'er mountains, valleys, towns and stately groves ;
 Then dwells best pleas'd on cultivated plains,
 Steeds, flocks, and herds commix'd with lab'ring swains.

Hail agriculture ! by whose parent aid,
 The deep foundations of our States are laid—
 The seeds of greatness by thy hand are sown,
 These shall mature with thee, and time alone—
 But still conduct us on thy sober plan,
 Great source of wealth, and earliest friend of man !

Ye rev'rend fathers, props of freedom's cause,
 Who rear'd an empire by your sapient laws,
 With blest example give this lesson weight,
 " That toil and virtue make a nation great !"
 Then shall your names reach earth's remotest clime,
 Rise high as Heav'n and brave the rage of time—
 His list'ning sons the fire shall oft remind,
 Who were the sages first in Congress join'd :
 The faithful Hancock grac'd that early scene,
 Great Washington appear'd in godlike mein,
 Jay, Laurens, Clinton skill'd in ruling men,
 And he who earlier held the farmer's pen—

'Twas Lee, that now fits at the fathers' head,
 Who erst the cause of Independence plead—
 The self-taught Sherman urg'd his reasons clear,
 And all the Livingstons, to freedom dear—
 What countless names in fair procession throng,
 With Rutledge, Johnson, Nash demand the song!
 And chiefly ye of human kind the friends,
 On whose high task my humbler toil attends,
 Ye who uniting realms in leagues of peace,
 The sum of human happiness increase!
 Adams, the sage, a patriot from his youth,
 Whose deeds are honour and whose voice is truth;
 Undying Franklin from the hill of fame,
 Who bids the thunders spread his awful name;
 And Jefferson, whose mind with space extends,
 Each science woos, all knowledge comprehends,
 Whose patriot deeds and elevated views
 Demand the tribute of a loftier muse:—
 Tho' Randolph, Hofmer, Hanson sleep in death,
 Still these great patriots draw the vital breath,
 And can a nation fail in peace to thrive,
 Where such strong talents, such high worth survive!—
 Rous'd at the thought, by vast ideas fir'd,
 His breast enraptur'd and his tongue inspir'd,

Another

Another * Bard, in conscious genius bold,
Now sings the new world happier than the old.

Great genius of our world ! assert our fame,
In other bards awake the dormant flame !
Bid vivid colours into being start,
Men grow immortal by the plastic art !
Bid columns swell, stupendous arches bend,
Proud cities rise, aerial spires ascend !
Bid music's pow'r the pangs of woe assuage !
With nobler views inspire th' enlighten'd age !
In freedom's voice pour all thy bolder charms,
'Till reason supersede the force of arms,
'Till peaceful streamers in each gale shall play,
From orient morning to descending day. 7

In mortal breasts, shall hate immortal last ?
Albion !—Columbia !—soon forget the past !
In friendly intercourse your int'rests blend !
Do not our nations equally descend
From the same fires magnanimous and brave ?
Then let us heal the mutual wounds we gave,

* Mr. Barlow, of Hartford, in Connecticut, who is writing a Poem in nine Books, entitled, The Vision of Columbus. This performance will be printed in a very short time.

H

Let

Let those be friends, whom kindred blood allies
 With language, laws, religion's holiest ties !
 Yes, mighty Albion ! scorning low intrigues,
 With young Columbia form commercial leagues,
 So shall mankind thro' endless years admire,
 More potent realms than Carthage leagu'd with Tyre.

[Where lives the nation fraught with such resource,
 Such vast materials for a naval force ?
 Where grow so rife the iron, masts and spars,
 The hemp, the timber, and the daring tars ?
 Where are the youths, inur'd to heat and cold
 Thro' ev'ry zone, more hardy, strong and bold ?
 Let other climes of other produce boast,
 Let gold, let diamonds grow on India's coast ;
 Let flaming suns from arid plains exhale
 The spicy odours of Arabia's gale ;
 Let fragrant shrubs that bloom in regions calm,
 Perfumes expiring bleed ambrosial balm ;
 Let olives flourish in Hesperia's soil,
 Ananas ripen in each tropic isle ;
 Let Gallia gladden in her clust'ring vines,
 Let Spain exult in her Peruvian mines ;
 Let plains of Barb'ry boast the gen'rous steed,
 Far-fam'd for beauty, strength, and matchless speed ;

But

But men, Columbia, be thy fairer growth,
 Men of firm nerves who spurn at fear and sloth,
 Men of high courage like their fires of old,
 In labour patient as in danger bold !

Then wake, Columbia ! daughter of the skies,
 Awake to glory and to greatness rise !
 Arise and spread thy virgin charms abroad,
 Thou last, thou fairest offspring of a God !
 Extend thy vision where more blessings lie,
 And ope new prospects for th' enraptur'd eye !
 See a new æra on this globe begun,
 And circling years in brighter orbits run !
 See the fair dawn of universal peace,
 When hell-born discord on the earth shall cease !
 Commence the task assign'd by Heav'n's decree,
 From pirate rage to vindicate the sea !

Bid thy live oaks in southern climes that grow,
 And pines that shade the northern mountain's brow,
 In mighty pomp descending on the main,
 With sails expanded sweep the watry plain,
 Thy rising stars in unknown skies display,
 And bound thy labours with the walks of day.

Bid from thy shore a philanthropic band,
 The torch of science glowing in their hand,

O'er

O'er trackless waves extend their daring toils,
 To find and bless a thousand peopled isles—
 Not lur'd to blood by domination's lust,
 The pride of conquest, or of gold the thirst,
 Not arm'd by impious zeal with burning brands,
 To scatter flames and ruin round their strands;
 Bid them to wilder'd men new lights impart,
 Heav'n's noblest gifts with ev'ry useful art.

Bid thy young sons whom toil for glory forms,
 New skill acquiring, learn to brave the storms,
 To ev'ry region thy glad harvests bear—
 Where happy nations breath a milder air;
 Or where the natives feel the scorching ray,
 And pant and faint beneath a flood of day;
 Or thro' those seas where mounts of ice arise,
 Th' eternal growth of hyperborean skies,
 Where feeble rayless suns obliquely roll,
 Or one long night invests the frozen pole.]

Then bid thy northern train who draw the line,
 In ocean's caverns find a richer mine,
 Than fam'd Potosi's or Golconda's ore,
 Or all the treasures of the Asian shore.
 Bid them with hooks delusive ply the flood,
 And feed whole kingdoms with the finny food,

This

This shall compensate for a sterile soil,
Cheer their long watching and beguile their toil.

And bid thy youths whose brawny limbs are strung
For bolder toils—pursue those toils unsung—
Pursue thro' foreign seas in barks so frail,
The dreadful combat of th' enormous whale :
Lo where he comes the foaming billows rise !
See spouted torrents cloud the misty skies,
See in the skiff the bold harpener stand,
The murd'ring iron in his skillful hand ;
From him alone th' attentive youths await
A joyful vict'ry or a mournful fate :
His meas'ring eye the distance now explores,
His voice now checks and now impels the oars,
The panting crew a solemn silence keep,
Stillness and horror hover o'er the deep ;
When now full nigh he hurls the barbed dart,
The weapon strikes a vulnerable part—
The wounded monster plunging down th' abyfs
Makes uncoil'd cords thro' boiling waters hiss—
And oft the boat drawn sudden underneath,
Leads trembling seamen down to watry death ;
And oft, when rising on his back upborne,
Is dash'd on high in countless pieces torn ;—

But now afar see ocean's monarch rise,
 O'er troubled billows see how fast he flies,
 And drags the feeble skiff along the flood,
 Lash'd into foam and colour'd red with blood !—
 At length subsides the elemental strife,
 His rage exhausted with his ebbing life,
 As tow'rs a rock on some sky-circled plain,
 So looms his carcase o'er the dusky main.
 Elate the victors urge the added toil,
 Extract the bone and fill their ship with oil.

Fraught with the germe of wealth our seamen roam
 To foreign marts, and bring new treasures home,
 From either Ind and Europe's happier shore
 Th' assembled produce crouds the merchant's store ;
 From east to west the fruits and spices sweet
 On our full boards in rich profusion meet ;
 Canary isles their luscious vintage join,
 In crystal goblets flows the amber wine ;
 European artists send their midnight toil
 For rude materials of our virgin soil,
 For us, in tissue of the silken loom,
 The lilacs blush, the damask roses bloom ;
 For us in distant mines the metals grow,
 Prolific source of pleasure, care, and woe !

Oh

Oh may we ne'er for heaps of useless wealth,
 Exchange the joys of freedom, peace or health;
 But make ev'n riches to our weal conduce,
 Their worth appreciate by their public use !]

'Tis thus our youths thro' various climes afar,
 From toils of peace obtain the nerves of war—
 But what dark prospect interrupts our joy ?
 What arm presumptuous dares our trade annoy ?
 Great God ! the rovers who insult thy waves
 Have seiz'd our ships and made our freemen slaves.
 And hark ! the cries of that disastrous band
 Float o'er the main and reach Columbia's strand—
 Now hark ! th' alarms from ocean spread around,
 And circling echoes propagate the sound,
 From smooth Saluda fed with silver rills,
 Up the Blue-ridge, o'er Alleganean hills,
 To where Niagara tremendous roars,
 As o'er white-sheeted rocks his torrent pours,
 The dreadful cataract whole regions shakes
 Of boundless woods and congregated lakes !
 To farthest Kennebeck adown whose tide,
 The future ships, unfashion'd, monstrous glide,
 On whose rough banks where stood the savage den,
 The ax is heard and busy hum of men—

But

But hark ! their labours, hark ! their accents cease,
 A warning voice has interdicted peace,
 Has spread thro' cities, gain'd remotest farms,
 And fir'd th' indignant States with new alarms :
 The sickly flame in ev'ry bosom burns,
 Like gloomy torches in sepulchral urns.

Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius why ?
 Seest thou, blest * Dwight, our land in sadness lye ?
 And where is † Trumbull, earliest boast of fame ?
 'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smother'd flame—
 To you, my dearest friends ! the task belongs,
 To rouse your country with heroic songs :
 For me, tho' glowing with conceptions warm,
 I find no equal words to give them form :
 Pent in my breast the mad'ning tempest raves,
 Like prison'd fires in Etna's burning caves :
 For me why will no thund'ring numbers roll ?
 Why niggard language do'st thou balk my soul ?

* Mr. Dwight of Greenfield, in Connecticut, is Author of an Epic Poem, called The Conquest of Canaan, of which Joshua is the Hero. This work was put to the press a few months ago.

† Mr. Trumbull of Hartford, in Connecticut, is well known throughout America, as the Author of M'Fingal, a mock heroic Poem, in four Cantos—He is also known by his friends as the writer of many excellent Poems on serious Subjects, which have never been published.

Oh

Oh let me tell, but half I feel—I must,
 I will have utterance, nor in silence burst !
 Come thou sweet feeling of another's woe
 That mak'st the heart to melt, the eye to flow !
 Come thou keen feeling, liveliest sense of wrong !
 Aid indignation and inspire my song !
 Teach me the woes of slavery to paint,
 Beneath whose weight our captur'd freemen faint !
 Teach me in shades of Stygian night to trace,
 In characters of hell the pirate race !
 Teach me prophetic to disclose their doom,
 A new born nation trampling on their tomb !

But first with me, Americans ! prepare
 To view th' abode of horror, pain, despair—
 Prepare to feel your blood with fury boil,
 Your bosoms palpitate, your steps recoil,
 In ev'ry pulse resentment beating high,
 While the red lightning flashes from your eye.

What mortal terrors all my senses seize,
 Possess my heart and life's warm currents freeze ?
 Why grow my eyes with thick suffusions dim,
 What visionary forms before me swim ?
 Where am I ? Heav'ns ! what mean these dol'rous cries ?
 And what these horrid scenes that round me rise ?

K

Heard

Heard ye, the groans, those messengers of pain?
 Heard ye the clanking of the captive's chain?
 Saw ye the dungeon, in whose blackest cell,
 That house of woe, your friends, your children dwell?
 Saw ye where others their dire fate deplore,
 Pale, hopeless, faint in chains who pull the oar?
 Or saw ye those who dread the tort'ring hour,
 Crush'd by the rigours of a tyrant's pow'r?
 Saw ye the shrinking slave, th' uplifted lash,
 The frowning butcher and the red'ning gash?
 Saw ye the fresh blood where it bubbling broke,
 From purple scars beneath the griding stroke?
 Saw ye the naked limbs writh'd to and fro,
 In wild contortions of convulsing woe?
 Or have ye heard that youth escap'd, relate
 The frightful story of the pris'ners' fate?
 And has the tale of cruelty he told,
 Thrill'd thro' your blood, or froze with death-like cold?
 Or fir'd, as down the tear of pity stole,
 Your manly breasts and harrow'd up the soul?

Some guardian pow'r in mercy intervene,
 Hide from my dizzy eyes the cruel scene!
 Oh stop the shrieks that tear my tortur'd ear,
 Ye visions vanish! dungeons disappear!

Ye

Ye fetters burst! ye monsters fierce, avaunt!
 Infernal furies on those monsters haunt!
 Pursue the foot-steps of that miscreant crew,
 Pursue in flames, with hell-born rage pursue!
 Shed such dire curses as all utt'rance mock,
 Whose plagues astonish and whose horrors shock!
 Great maledictions of eternal wrath,
 Which, like Heav'n's vial'd vengeance, singe and scathe!
 Transfix with scorpion-stings the callous heart,
 Make blood-shot eye-balls from their sockets start,
 For balm, pour brimstone in their wounded soul,
 Then ope perdition and ingulf them whole!

How long will Heav'n restrain its bursting ire,
 Nor rain blue tempests of devouring fire?
 How long shall widows weep their sons in vain,
 The prop of years in slav'ry's iron chain?
 How long the love sick maid, unheeded rove
 The sounding shore and call her absent love,
 With wasting tears and sighs his lot bewail,
 And seem to see him in each coming sail?
 How long the merchant turn his failing eyes
 In desperation on the seas and skies,
 And ask his captur'd ships, his ravish'd goods
 With frantic ravings of the Heav'n's and floods?

His

His children, objects of his tend'rest care,
 Forlorn! now point the arrows of despair,
 Black melancholy thoughts within him roll,
 And groans and words burst from his burden'd soul—
 " Why was it, Heav'ns! I roam'd thro' foreign climes,
 Sought rest at midnight and arose betimes!
 Tell me for what, by prudent forethought led,
 I eat of toil and carefulness the bread;
 Was it for this my dawning hopes began,
 To perish thus a poor, old, wretched man!
 Life I could leave, nor drop a single tear,
 But that I leave to mis'ry lives so dear—
 Yet come, thou milder death! e'er hunger come,
 Lead an old man to mans dark narrow home—
 Come, e'er the canker-worm of pen'ry eats
 The blushing blossoms on my bed of sweets!"

How long, Columbians dear! will ye complain
 Of these curst insults on the open main?
 Will ye then unreveng'd forever sleep?
 Awake! awake! avengers of the deep!
 Revenge! revenge! the voice of nature cries—
 Awake to glory and to vengeance rise!
 To arms! to arms! swift fly, ye patriot bands
 'Tis Heav'n inspires, 'tis God himself commands,

Save

Save human nature from such deadly harms,
By force of reason or by force of arms!

Oh ye great pow'rs! who passports basely crave,
From Afric's lords to sail the middle wave—
Great fallen pow'rs, whose gems and golden bribes,
Buy paltry passports from these savage tribes—
Ye whose fine purples, silks and stuffs of gold,
(An annual tribute) their dark limbs infold—
Ye whose mean policy for them equips,
To plague mankind, the predatory ships—
Why will ye buy your infamy so dear,
Is it self-int'rest or a dastard fear?
Is it because ye meanly think to gain
A richer commerce on th' infested main?
Is it because ye meanly wish to see
Your rivals chain'd, yourselves ignobly free?
Who gave commission to these monsters fierce,
To hold in chains the humbled universe?
Would God, would nature, would their conq'ring swords,
Without your meanness make them ocean's lords?
What! do ye fear? nor dare their pow'r provoke?
Would not that bubble burst beneath your stroke?
And shall the weak remains of barb'rous rage
Insulting, triumph o'er th' enlighten'd age?

L

Do

Do ye not feel confusion, horror, shame,
 To bear a hateful, tributary name?
 Will ye not aid to wipe the foul disgrace,
 And break the fetters from the human race?

Then be the toil, the danger, glory ours,
 'Tho' unassisted by these mighty pow'rs:
 Then oh, my friends, by Heav'n ordain'd to free
 From tyrant rage the long infested sea:
 Then let us firm, tho' solitary, stand,
 The sword, and olive-branch in either hand:
 An equal peace propose with reason's voice,
 Or rush to arms, if arms shall be their choice —

Stung by their crimes can aught your vengeance stay,
 Can terror daunt you, or can death dismay?
 The soul enrag'd can threats, can tortures tame,
 Or the dank dungeon quench th' ethereal flame?
 Have ye not o'ce to Heav'n's dread throne appeal'd,
 And has not Heav'n your Independence seal'd?
 What was the pow'r ye dar'd that time engage,
 And brave the terrors of its hostile rage?
 Was it not Britain, great in warlike toils,
 The first of nations as the queen of isles;
 Britain, whose fleets, that rul'd the briny surge,
 Made navies tremble to its utmost verge,

Whose

Whose single arm held half the world at odds,
 Great nurse of sages, bards and demi-gods !
 But what are these whose threatnings round you burst ?
 Of men the dregs, the feeblest, vilest, worst,
 These are the pirates from the Barb'ry strand,
 Audacious miscreants, fierce, yet feeble band !
 Who impious dare (no provocation given)
 Insult the rights of man—the laws of Heaven !

“ Wilt thou not rise, oh God, to plead our cause,
 Assert thine honour and defend thy laws !
 Wilt thou not bend thine awful throne to hear,
 The pris'ner's cry and stop the falling tear !
 Wilt thou not strike the guilty race with dread,
 Thy ten fold fury on the heathen shed !
 Oh thou Most High, be innocence thy care,
 Oh make thy red right arm of vengeance bare,
 Resume in wrath the thunders thou hast hurl'd,
 To blight the tenants of the nether world !
 Thou God of Hosts, be on thy suppliants side
 Inspire their councils and their armies guide ! ”

But hark the trumps, as if by whirlwinds blown,
 Sound from cold Lawrence to the burning zone !
 Thy cause, humanity, that swell'd their breath,
 Breath'd in each bosom cool contempt of death—

While

While rumbling drums from distant regions call'd ;
 Men scorning pirate rage rush'd unappall'd :
 With eye-balls flaming, cheeks with crimson flush'd,
 From rice-green fields, and fir-clad mountains rush'd,
 High mettled youths—unus'd to fights of slain,
 Of hostile navies, or the stormy main—
 Yet these now left unfinish'd furrows far,
 To plow the deep and toil in fields of war :
 Stern-visag'd vet'rans of the with'ring look,
 Their rattling arms with grasp indignant shook,
 Those arms, their pride, their country's gift, what day
 To Independence they had op'd the way,
 Frowning wide ruin terrible they stood :
 Then like the bursting of an ice-bound flood
 From midland Erie's vales, unnam'd in song,
 In native fierceness pour'd the hunter throng ;
 Beneath their rapid march realms roll'd behind,
 Their uncomb'd locks loose floated in the wind ;
 Coarse were their garbs—they plac'd their only pride,
 In the dread rifle oft in battle tried,
 With aim unbalk'd, whose leaden vengeance sings,
 Sure as the dart the king of terrors flings :
 So erst, brave Morgan, thy bold hunters sped—
 Such light-arm'd youths the gallant Fayette led ;
 E'er

E'er Steuben brought the Prussian lore from far,
 Or Knox created all the stores of war.
 Thro' tented fields impatient ardour spreads—
 Rous'd by the trump the coursers rear their heads,
 Snuff in the tainted gale the sulph'rous grain,
 Responsive neigh and prance the wide champaign.

Now preparation forms the gleaming blade,
 In moulds capacious pond'rous deaths are made:
 Within our docks th' incessant labour glows—
 The tool resounds—the wond'rous structure grows—
 Great ships of war beneath the plastic hand
 Raise their huge bulks and darken all the strand,
 Till tow'ring fleets from different harbours join'd,
 Float on the pinions of the fav'ring wind;
 Tall groves of masts, like mountain forests, rise,
 While high in air the crimson streamer flies:
 To prosp'rous gales the canvass wide unfurl'd,
 Begins to bear our thunders round the world:
 See! ocean whitens with innum'rous sails,
 Be still, ye storms! breath soft, ye friendly gales!
 See! where Columbia's mighty squadron runs
 To climes illum'd by other stars and suns;
 See! thro' the streight where flows th' unvarying tide,
 Where rise the pillars fam'd so far and wide;

M

See!

See! the black vessels win their daring way,
 The long line form'd in battailous array—
 And now the ardent youths, with eager eye,
 Dim thro' the mist the corsair force descry,
 Their cloud-like sails hang in the distant Heav'n,
 Like shad'wy vapours of ascending even—
 The sons of freedom soon prepare for war,
 High o'er the top-mast flames th' imperial star.
 Now each obstruction clear'd—with gentle gales,
 With open ports—half-furl'd the flapping sails—
 Near and more near athwart the bill'wy tide,
 In terrors arm'd the floating bulwarks glide,
 Tier pil'd o'er tier the sleeping thunder lies,
 Anon to rend the shudd'ring main and skies.

E'er yet they shut the narrow space between,
 Begins the prelude of a bloodier scene—
 With sudden touch deep-throated engines roar,
 Peirce Heav'n's blue vault and dash the waves to shore :
 Then mad'ning billows mock the fearful sound,
 While o'er their surface globes of iron bound ;
 Unknown concussions rolling o'er their heads,
 Far fly the monsters round their coral beds.

The battle closes—fiercer fights begin—
 And hollow hulls reverberate the din—

The

The green waves blacken as the tempest low'rs,
 Chain'd bolts and langrage rain in dreadful show'rs ;
 Ship lock'd to ship hangs o'er the foaming flood,
 The black sides wrapt in flame, the decks in blood—
 From both the lines now smoke, now flames aspire,
 Now clouds they roll, now gleam a ridge of fire—
 On hostile prows Columbia's heroes stand,
 Conq'ring 'mid death or dying sword in hand :
 Promiscuous cries with shouts confus'dly drown'd
 In the wild uproar, swell the dol'rous sound :
 And nought distinct is heard, and nought is seen,
 Where wreaths of vapour hov'ring intervene,
 Save when black grains expand imprison'd air,
 The thunders wake and shoot a livid glare :
 Then ghastly forms are seen by transient gleams,
 The dead and wounded drench'd in purple streams.

Now helmless ships in devious routes are driven,
 The cordage torn, the masts to atoms riven ;
 Now here they glow with curling waves of fire,
 In one explosion there whole crews expire ;
 Here barks relinquish'd burnt to ocean's brink,
 Half-veil'd in crimson clouds begin to sink ;
 With men submerg'd there some frail fragment floats,
 Here yawning gulfs absorb o'erloaded boats ;

There

There red-hot balls, that graze the waters, hiss
 And plunge the galleys down the dread abyss;
 Here shatter'd limbs—there garments dipt in blood,
 With mingling crimson stain the foughten flood,
 While Afric's pirates shrinking from the day,
 By terror urg'd, drag wounded hulks away.

As when two adverse storms impetuous driven,
 From east and west sail up the azure Heaven,
 In flaming fields of day together run,
 Explode their fires and blot with night the sun—
 The eastern cloud, its flames expir'd at last,
 Flies from the lightning of the western blast—
 So fled the corsair line the blighting stroke
 Of freedom's thunders—so their battle broke—
 As if by Heav'n's own arm subdued at length,
 Their courage perish'd, wither'd all their strength.

Oh then let vict'ry stimulate the chace,
 To free from shameful chains the human race,
 To drive these pirates from th' insulted waves,
 To ope their dungeons to despairing slaves,
 To snatch from impious hands and break the rod,
 Which erst defac'd the likeness of a God:
 Then seize th' occasion, call the furious gales,
 Crack bending oars, stretch wide inflated sails,

On

On rapid wings of wind the tempest bear,
 Make death's deep tubes with lurid lightnings glare,
 Like evanescent mists dispel their hosts,
 And with destruction's befom sweep the coasts.

Woe to proud Algiers; to your princes woe!
 Your pride is falling with your youths laid low—
 Woe to ye people, woe, distress, and fears!
 Your hour is come to drink the cup of tears:
 Pangs of th' undying worm corrode your reins,
 Consume your marrow, revel round your veins,
 Burst rigid sinews, quiv'ring fibres swell,
 And give the torments of the fiends in hell!
 A ghastly paleness gathers on your cheeks,
 While mem'ry haunts your ears with captive shrieks,
 Then stifled conscience wakening dares to cry,
 "Think on your crimson crimes, despair, and die"—
 Then ruin comes with fire and sword and blood,
 And men shall ask where once your cities stood.

'Tis done—Behold th' uncheery prospects rise,
 Unwonted glooms the silent coasts surprise;
 The Heav'ns with sable clouds are overcast,
 And death-like sounds ride on the hollow blast—
 The long reeds rustling to the passing gale,
 Ev'n now of men the cheerful voices fail—

No busy marts appear, no crouded ports,
 No dances on the green, no splendid courts;
 In halls so late with feasts, with music crown'd,
 No flutes, no viols, and no cymbals' sound—
 Fastidious pomp, how are thy pageants fled!
 How sleep the fallen in their lowly bed!
 How are their cultur'd fields to desarts turn'd,
 The buildings levell'd, all th' enclosures burn'd!
 Where the fair garden bloom'd the thorn succeeds,
 There noxious nettles grow, here pois'nous weeds—
 O'er fallow plains no vagrant flock is seen,
 To print with tracks or crop the dewy green;
 Highways obstructed are o'ergrown with grafs,
 And not a living soul is seen to pass;—
 The plague, where thousands felt his mortal stings,
 In vacant air his shafts promiscuous flings,
 Here walks in darkness, thirsting still for gore,
 And meditates to leave the desert shore—
 The sandy waste, th' immeasurable heath,
 Alone are prowld by animals of death;
 Here tawny lions guard their gory den,
 There birds of prey usurp the haunts of men;
 From mould'ring tow'rs and desolated walls
 A mournful echo ev'ry sense appals;
 Where the wan light thro' broken windows gleams,
 The fox looks out, the boding raven screams;

While

While trembling travellers in wild amaze
On wrecks of state and piles of ruin gaze.

The direful signs which mark the day of doom,
Shall scarcely scatter such portentous gloom—
When rock'd the ground, convuls'd each roaring flood,
The stars shall fall, the sun be turn'd to blood,
This globe itself dissolve in fluid fire,
Time be no more and man's whole race expire.

Thus hath thy hand, great God, thro' ev'ry age,
When ripe for ruin, pour'd on man thy rage:
So did'st thou erst on Babylon let fall,
The plagues thy hand inscrib'd upon the wall:
So did'st thou give Sidonia's sons for food,
To cowering eagles drunk with mortal blood:
So did'st thou make o'er Salem's wasted plain
Wide desolation spread her drear domain.

But let us turn from objects that disgust,
The ghosts of empires and of men accurst—
Turn we from sights that pain the feeling breast,
To where new nations populate the west!
For there anon shall new auroras rise,
And streaming, brighten up th' Atlantic skies,
Back on the solar path with living ray,
Pour Heav'n's own splendours in a tide of day.

And

And lo! successful from heroic toils,
 With glory cover'd and enrich'd with spoils,
 With garlands waving o'er these spoils of war,
 The pomp preceded by th' imperial star,
 'Mid shouts of joy from liberated slaves,
 In triumph ride th' avengers of the waves!
 And see! they gain Columbia's happy strand,
 Where anxious crouds in expectation stand:
 See! raptur'd nations hail the kindred race,
 And court the heroes to their fond embrace—
 In fond embraces strain'd the captive clings,
 And feels and looks unutterable things!
 See there the widow finds her darling son!
 See in each others arms the lovers run,
 With joy tumultuous their swell'd bosoms glow,
 And one short moment pays for years of woe!
 Then rural sports and dances gay are seen,
 With music, feasts, and flow'rs to deck the green.

Then glorious days, by hallow'd bards foretold,
 Shall far surpass the fabled age of gold,
 The human mind its noblest pow'rs display,
 And knowledge rising to meridian day,
 Shine like the lib'ral sun—th' illumin'd youths
 By fair discussion find immortal truths.

Why

Why turns th' horizon red? the dawn is near—
 Infants of light, ye harbingers appear!
 With ten-fold brightness gild the happier age,
 And light the actors o'er a broader stage!
 This drama closing—see! towards its end,
 High Heav'n's perennial year to earth descend!
 Then wake, Columbians! fav'rites of the skies
 Awake to glory and to rapture rise!
 Behold the dawn of your ascending fame,
 Illume the nations with a purer flame,
 Progressive splendours spread o'er ev'ry clime!—
 Then rapt in visions of unfolding time,
 Peirce midnight clouds that hide his dark abyss,
 And see in embryo scenes of future bliss!
 See days and months and years there roll in night,
 While age succeeding age ascends to light,
 'Till your blest offspring, countless as the stars,
 In open ocean quench the torch of wars;
 With godlike aim, in one firm union bind,
 The common good and int'rests of mankind;
 Unbar the gates of commerce for their race,
 And build the gen'ral peace on freedom's base!